

RESTORATION

Vol. II.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—SEPTEMBER, 1949

No. 10.

Young Priest Enriches Parish By His Poverty

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Friend, So you and I came to the conclusion, in my last letter, that men must be given more than bread, more than good works to live by — that they must be given GOD.

God in His fulness and beauty. Through His Commandments, His Sacraments, especially Mass and Holy Eucharist, through prayer, and a life that is entirely Christocentric. And that this must be given to them through you, and your parish-to-be, which to them all is the Gateway of God's grace.

But fundamentally, it is through YOU that all these graces, this knowledge, this love of God will flow into their hearts. It is YOU who will OFFER THE MASS . . . It is through YOU that Christ will become the Bread and Wine of future saints. It is YOU again who, in His Name, will loosen their souls from the slavery of sin. . . . YOU who will have to dispense all the Sacraments except Ordination which is conferred by the Bishop, and matrimony to which you are but a witness. Yet who is the Bishop, and in what title does he glory most? That of PRIEST . . . FATHER. For what can be greater than a PRIEST OF GOD?

But — About You!

How are YOU going to face this tremendous task? Accept this terrible and holy responsibility? Of course YOU WILL BE ORDAINED for it . . . and God will give you the graces needed for your ministry. He will do His part. He always does. But what about YOU?

There is a saying — A SAINTLY PRIEST, A FERVENT PARISH . . . A TEPID PRIEST, A COLD PARISH. What will YOU be?

Now at the threshold of your ordination you are aflame with zeal. The love of God consumes you. Your soul is hungry for God's eternal hills. Nothing is too hard for you . . . In Him, through Him, with Him, for Him . . . you are ready not only to die . . . but also to live in His service, which, at times, is harder.

But tomorrow will come. And with it the cold winds of everydayness, of loneliness, of monotony, of obstacles, of ingratitude, of misunderstandings, of ridicule, of hardship, of seeming failure and the need to begin always all over again . . . What then?

Are you ready for all these and more . . . much more that cannot be told, but must be lived . . . day by day, hour by hour, in the endless

Via Crucis, that is the path of all who fall in love with Him Who walked it first, but especially His chosen ones?

When Tomorrow Comes

I would say, that today you may be ready. That you will be ready, if you remember that you must lead by EXAMPLE first, foremost, and last. And that to get strength to do so, you must be close, oh, ever so close to your model, Christ. . . . PRAYER is your life. There you will find strength, faith, and fortitude not only to persevere, but to become indeed AN ALTER CHRISTUS, which you were always meant to be.

Your house will always be next to your Church. If your days are busy for Him, there is always the night to pray before His very Face. One hour at least before the Blessed Sacrament in each twenty-four in the great silence of God, will help you over all the obstacles we discussed above. Prayer, will make you a giant running on the way to God. Do not neglect it. Do not allow the best and holiest works of mercy to become to you the heresy of good works . . . or to take you away from prayer.

Be not concerned either as to what you eat nor how you sleep. In a word, be really poor in spirit and reality. Nothing impresses men more than the touchable likeness of other men to Christ! Especially do they expect it in their priests. No matter what history may whisper to the contrary, no matter what they may tell you to your face, they hunger for a glimpse of the Man Who had nowhere to lay His head — in you.

It helps them to carry their many burdens, to face their grinding poverty, to solve their frequently unsolvable economic problems. Be poor.

One Young Priest

I knew a Bishop once — that is a young priest before he became a Bishop. His parish was next to our Friendship House, in the busy teeming slums of a large city.

I heard that a new pastor was appointed to this adjacent parish, heard too that he was very young for that responsible post. But my first introduction to him was through his housekeeper, a motherly woman, who looked bewildered and harassed. She had run across to our place one morning very early, asking us about pants, dark pants. It developed that His Reverence had

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Among The Hills

By Rev. W. C. Dwyer

Swinging along, singing a song, until the pack upon my back grew heavy, my legs weary and the shadows lengthened across the trail.

Energy returned and I quickened my step as the scent of wood fires filtered through the forest . . . The first camp was near . . . lashin's of food, a short rest, then down to work.

Leaving the main trail, which at this point was in use for hauling logs, and extremely dangerous, I took a short-cut to camp, on the 'go-back-road,' where traffic was moving in my direction. In a valley beside a little river I found the camp.



The Missionary Arrives

Night falls swiftly in the pine lands. The evening air was crisp with frost. Footsteps on the dry snow made a crunching sound. Smoke curled upwards from every building in the encampment. Icicles from the low roofs hung down to the snow — the white billowy snow that enveloped everything. The tall pines standing guard seemed to stretch out their furry arms, in a protecting gesture, while their lonesome sighs in the night breeze made one wonder if they too longed for Spring. The light that shone through the small camp windows dissipated the cold of the scene and bade me enter for warmth and companionship.

Comfortably housed in the (Continued on Page Three)

TONY AND MARTIN

By Anthony Constable

(From the camp in Illinois Tony was sent to Camp Luna, at Las Vegas, New Mexico. There he and Blessed Martin de Porres had a few adventures; but it was not long before Tony was ordered to a camp in Canada. Naturally, Blessed Martin went with him.)

It was 8 o'clock, Friday morning, April 16, 1943 — two days before Palm Sunday — when we arrived at Edmonton, Alberta. The air base was a sea of mud, still in the process of thawing out after a winter that had sent the thermometer to 68 degrees below zero. Many of our boys had resided in tents, through it all, and had survived.

We were assigned to a group of restricted barracks; immediately placed under quarantine, and forbidden to leave the area. Fear gripped me. Palm Sunday, only two days to go, and here I was sweating out a quarantine.

Sunday morning arrived. It was ideal, such as Jesus must have picked for His triumphant entry. The sun shone brightly, and everything seemed peaceful and serene. However, the roar of a plane now and then disturbing the tranquil atmosphere made this Palm Sunday vastly different from those I had known in the past.

The boys were in their bunks snoring, when I left for the orderly room to ask for permission to get to Mass. Upon being refused, I asked if the Catholic Chaplain had been notified. The boy at the desk didn't know, but he did tell me that we were to have non-denominational services sometime in the afternoon.

That Palm Sunday

The church bells rang out! Not too far away I could see steeples, and well did I know the ceremonies taking place beneath them. I was tempted to leave the area and go to the mess-hall, where the Holy Sacrifice would soon begin. On second thought, I returned to the barrack, took out my missal and tried to fulfill my obligation.

The church bells kept ringing. They carried me back to other Palm Sundays, when Clara and I had attended services together. In the mist, I could see her making up the tiny neat crosses from the palms. These we would wear on our coat lapels, proud of the faith which was ours. Brushing away tears, I returned to my missal, and prayed that, in some way, Martin would bring the Chaplain around.

All day deep into the night, until I went to sleep, I felt like a defeatist. The day, for me, had been far from victorious and I partially blamed Martin. But I was wrong, very wrong, in taking this attitude. Really, the base had no Catholic Chaplain of its own. Perhaps it was I who had slipped at the controls.

Monday evening two Chaplains, an American and a Canadian, came down to our area. "It's to bad one of you didn't come down yesterday," I complained, "we had to go without Holy Mass on such a great occasion. I sent word for you to come."

Father Ketchum, the Canadian Chaplain, replied, "Sorry I didn't get your message, but then, I'm always hard to reach. Besides filling in for an American Chaplain at this base, I have my own parish, and I also have to take care of the boys at the Canadian air base. Quite a tough schedule for an old priest like me."

Then Holy Week

"Had I only known about you boys, I sure would have been glad to have been of service," said Father Biasoli. "We were flying north, when forced down, over Edmonton, last Saturday. But don't feel too badly for missing Mass yesterday. Once up north, when I was travelling by dog sled, I had to go without Mass on Easter Sunday."

"When do you expect to resume your trip north?" I asked.

"Tomorrow afternoon . . . God willing," he said.

With two priests within reach, my heart rejoiced. A grand idea came to me.

"Then, why don't you come and offer Mass for us here in the morning?" I held my breath as I waited Father's reply.

"I'd be delighted!" he said enthusiastically. "And I will, if you boys cooperate and prepare a place in one of the barracks."

The next morning, right after roll-call, we shoved the bunks out of the way, gave the barrack a good scrubbing, then procured a table and placed it in readiness for Father's use.

Father was pleased and with a smile of satisfaction said, "You boys did a good job and the Lord will bless you in return." Then, as he placed his portable altar and equipment on the table, he asked, "Does anyone wish to go to Confession?"

"Yes Father!" sang out several voices.

I watched with deep con- (Continued on Page Four)

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
GRACE FLEWWELLING Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE . . . Thus reads the ninth Commandment of God.

This Commandment is closely related to the next—of not coveting our neighbor's goods.

To many it may seem strange that God seemingly repeats Himself, for has He not already forbidden adultery in the Sixth, and theft in the Seventh? Indeed He has . . . but the Ninth and Tenth, are, as it were, accents on the two others . . . by which God forbids us . . . IN THOUGHT AND DESIRE, WHAT THE SIXTH AND SEVENTH FORBID IN ACT AND DEED. Thus we are shown how pure and holy is His Law which regulates not only our external actions but even our internal desires!

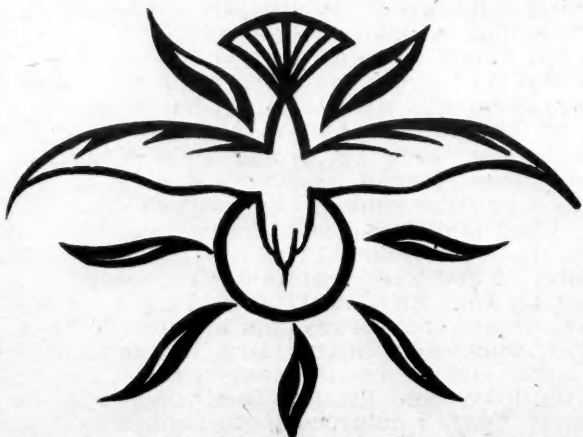
Only God could make these laws. For to make such laws it is necessary to know men's hearts with all their inner workings. Human justice does not, cannot, know them. Hence it cannot and does not forbid internal thoughts nor desires. Nor does it punish them. Only external actions opposed to justice are within its power.

How far has our perverse generation wandered both from the spirit and the letter of God's law! Behold our mores, our newspapers, our radio, our movies, our whole manner of life and thought and action. Were we suddenly to remember the Decalogue in its fulness of the spiritual and natural order, life would abruptly become different.

For all around us, by every means possible and imaginable, man tries, for gain or many other reasons, to awaken within the soul of his fellow men thoughts, and desires contrary to God's laws. Far from helping them to fight these—modern man proceeds to smooth the paths of evil, and make easy the fulfilment of those thoughts and desires.

Is it to be wondered at, that Communistic-Atheism, the final apostasy from God and His laws, is challenging us, and threatening to destroy us and our materialistic well nigh pagan civilisation?

Lord have mercy on our lost generation! Give us ears to hear Thy Voice, eyes to see Thy ways! Courage and fortitude to reform ours! For unless we do . . . we shall justly perish.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

For some weeks I have been trying to get together the right words with which to answer a letter from one of my correspondents; and I haven't yet, and perhaps never will, collect them. My friend is an elderly man, according to his letters. He has a bad leg; and sometimes his head feels like a balloon. He writes long and most interesting letters, and each one is headed with the words "Salve Regina." He is more than a little devoted to Our Lady; and it is both a pleasure and an honor to read the letters he sends me.

In this particular letter he writes of a morning glory, and of a poem he made in honor of the queen of heaven.

"I had been doing a little writing for some time—when one day I had an urge to write something on the Blessed Virgin, and in verse! I had never tried verse, but I had the confidence of an amateur. I searched my brain for something I could use to praise her. Suddenly I remembered an incident of long past years when I saw—or was given to see—so much glorious beautiful perfection that I was overpowered, yes overpowered by a simple morning glory.

His Blue Heaven

"I was holding it in my hand, and looking down into it as I walked along in the early morning. I was suddenly held rigid. I couldn't move a muscle. All I seemed to be was eyes, and only part of a mind; eyes that looked, and a mind that conceived the idea that if I looked for all eternity at this beauty I could never take it in nor grow tired of it.

"I will not attempt a description, there's no way of doing it, and I never tried to see that perfection again. When I was 'released' I was scared stiff. I wondered if God was angry with me for too much curiosity. I recalled, 'The seeker after glory shall be overpowered with glory.'

"For twenty years I never mentioned it, and for five years I would not go close to a morning glory. Once I told my sister to pick a morning glory and look down into it as the sunlight illuminated it through its sidewalls. The next time I met her she had rather a provoked look. She said she 'didn't see anything.' She did not know what I thought she might see."

Twenty Years of Glory

For twenty years my friend thrived on the memory of the perfect beauty of one minute. So, naturally, questing for a verse in praise of his Lady in the blue gown, he offered her the thrill and the ecstasy he had known.

"Little Morning Glories,
Did God make you to honor Our Lady—
Her purity, humility, obedience,
Love, and adoration?
Is that the reason you are here?
If so, then here's a thought
To make an angel smile;
Little morning glories
You are like
Little St. Alphonse Liguori's
Swinging and singing
'The Glories of Mary' "

During some years, he says, he struggled to so arrange the poem as to meet editorial standards; but he

always preferred the "simple language of the original." "Still he was not satisfied with his efforts. He was so 'saturated with the glory of that flower' that he could not express it in any words—but he was 'very much pleased to use the morning glory to write praises for Our Lady.'"

Editors Are Like That

The magazine he sent the poem to, sent it back. But, don't you think Our Lady read that poem even as it was being written? And don't you think she loves it?

How especially blessed this man is, to see God in so humble and so common a thing as a flower; and to see the glory of the mother of God in its blue depths!

There are scores of morning glories running up and down their vines around Madonna House, smiling at all who pass. But, until I



read this man's letter, it never occurred to me to look at any one of them closely.

On receipt of his letter I did hold one up to the light. I saw the beauty and the glory in it; but I felt neither the awe nor the delight that fed my friend's soul all these years. I am sorry for my hard-boiled character. I am sorry I missed all that he received.

Yet, I confess alas! I do not love God and His blessed mother so much as my friend does. To one in love, each thing he sees is a reminder of his beloved.

Eyes That See Not

There is a glory in everything around these five acres. In the morning mist over the magic Madawaska. In the colors of the autumn leaves. In the lacquer and the tints of clam shells on the beach. In the sturdy out-thrust arms of the little pines and the spruce trees. In the sun and the moon and the wind and the clouds and the infrequent rains. In a stone picked up in the field.

Yet how rarely do I see that glory! How seldom do I think of the God who put

(Continued on Page Four)

The B's Corner

Dearly beloved in Christ; For years this letter, that I am now trying to write to you, fellow workers in the lay Apostolate of Christ, has been taking shape in my heart. For years I have prayed over it, and now I feel I must translate it into words, and for once, this does not come easily to me who usually find writing simple.

But write I must, so in fear and trembling I begin . . . In the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost . . . May His peace be always with you whom I love with a great love, and who have been such an inspiration and an example and help to me in all these long years of our apostolate of Friendship House.

Some of you have shown me the way to it, for you were there before me. I write in the first person singular, incidentally, for this letter is all mine, personal, not the group of Friendship House. Others again young, new, and shining in the apostolate have renewed my flagging courage, and reclarified the great vision of God and the things of God for a weary heart and a tired mind.

With joy that beggars words have I seen the Lay Apostolate of the North American continent grow; have observed how the efforts of pioneers in it, blessed by God, have born fruits; and how the "younger generation" of lay Apostles have outstripped many of us who have been longest in the field. At all this my heart sang, and blessed God.

The Growing Shadow

But always there was a little shadow on the horizon, which of late has grown bigger and darker, blotting out some of the light that made joyous our work, and our days. It is of this shadow that I would like to talk to you. I call it — LACK OF UNITY AMONG US — for it cannot be, must not be, lack of charity.

Unless we take notice of this growing darkness, this confusion, it may well swallow us, to the unholy joy of the Prince of Darkness, who indubitably has been working just for this end . . . this dis-unity among us.

The Apostolate is big enough for millions, let alone for the few who now labor in it. And though the APOSTOLATE IS ONE, WHOLE, AND INDIVISIBLE, AND THE VISION OF THIS ONENESS is essential to its final success, nevertheless this WHOLE is composed of many PARTS . . . OR FACTS . . . Labor, Rural, Interracial, Intellectual, Political, Economic, etc.

Yet all these are rooted in the soil of our Holy Faith; all take their cue from the Commandments of God; all have one underlying technique of RESTORING THE WORLD TO CHRIST . . . through personal sanctification, and from there to the sanctification of their fellow men . . . the world . . .

A House Divided

But how can we aim at the Restoration of others to the unity and tranquility of God's holy order if there are divisions among us; or, if busy about our own little portion of God's Vineyards, we fail to see, and seeing recognize, the good and the beauty of the ways and techniques of our fellow workers

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

The House is still and quiet. The summer, and with it our Summer School of Catholic Action, is over. The young people who have come to us from the forty-eight States of the Union, and the ten Provinces of Canada, have each gone back, to home or to school.

It seems strange to bake only once a week, and then only a few loaves, instead of forty-five or fifty. Stranger still it is, not to peel potatoes by the bushel, and carrots and other vegetables by the peck. The house, and we, feel somehow lost without young voices, and the sound of laughter.

It is the in-between time for nature and us. Time to take stock, to rest before the late Fall-Winter activities begin to absorb our time.

It has been a wonderful summer. True there was much work attached to it for all. The young folks who came for knowledge paid for it unstintingly with work. The grounds are clean. The trees freed of their dead branches, seem to rejoice and grow more beautiful. The gardens, four of them now, are spaded and fertilized and ready for their long sleep. The cellar is full of canned goods, pickles, jams, jellies, and vegetables that will stand the cold season in their original state. All these were gathered, pared, cored, and cleaned by our young students, who helped me with the "putting up" joyously. If God gives us life, we hope that next year's crowd will enjoy them as well as this year's enjoyed last year's crop.

Fruits and Fruits

But the fruits of this summer are so much greater than those the bountiful earth gave us. They are of the spirit. We feel very humble before that harvest. For we have learned so much, and we have seen and touched the glory of God's love in young faces, and the infinite beauty of their love of Him.

Hope has come to dwell with us. For, whatever the future holds for this land, it cannot be hopeless with youth on the march toward God. Our hearts sing a Te

Deum in gratitude for this summer. They do indeed!

Yes this is the in-between time for nature and us. The time also to pause, rest, and go apart for a little while, to sit at the feet of Christ in a "retreat from the world," to gather new strength to carry on; because the months to come, will, we know, be busy ones.

A glance ahead confirms this. There will be the house to take care of; the correspondence, somewhat neglected through the summer months, to catch up with; the office work to do. The Lending Library has added a mail order service. The children's story hour will be resumed, now that school has started.

No Idle Moments

Nursing the sick, giving out clothing, teaching Home-Nursing and Nutrition courses for the Red Cross. The long drives to take, over lonely winding country roads to get to the "classes." But that isn't all.

Club work, youth work, and we hope the earnest starting of our Handicraft enter will all be with us in the coming months. And Christmas! Christmas is almost around the corner too. The same five hundred children who were made so happy at Christmas last year, are looking forward to Madonna House for a repeat performance.

Again we beg for toys, candies, soap, clothing, Christmas Tree decorations, old costume jewelry, and the like, so hard to get in this part of the northern world, and so often beyond the means of so many who live here.

But above all our greatest need IS CASH. The summer, so rich in spiritual gifts, has depleted our always slender resources. And we have so many, many JUST bills yet to pay. And money is needed for all the winter activities. In utter trust and hope, we lay our needs before God and you.

Yes it is the in-between time, for nature and us. A time of prayer and recollection, a time of gratitude and rest. A time of hope and trust. Alleluia.

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

"office" with the "walker" or superintendent, the camp foreman and clerk, after a bountiful supper, I awaited the "cleaning-away-process" in the dining room, which was to be used as a chapel that evening. . . . But first a visit to the 125 men in the sleep camps.

I moved from bunk to bunk—double-deckers they were. A word of greeting to all and an invitation to attend the instruction and prayers in the dining hall.

The cook's assistant, with a clanging and a banging upon the steel triangle at the main entrance to the eating house, announced that all was ready. . . . The portable altar was set up with candles and crucifix in place. Vestments neatly arranged. Beads and medals for all. A blanket hung across a corner of the long building, to serve as a confessional.

The men of the camp filed in—men of several races and a few religions, but mostly Catholics—big strong men,

clear-eyed and red cheeked, from the sun, the wind and the frost. A few hesitated at the door, but a steady look from the foreman quickly brought them to a bench.

Father Forgive Me

A straight-from-the-shoulder instruction on the fundamentals of Christian living, introduced by an anecdote from the days of my own youth, when I too worked as a logger in a similar camp, brought nearly all to their knees for the rosary and a trip behind the blanket for confession.

The appointments of the improvised confessional consisted of a box of dried apples, for the priest to sit upon, and a block of wood as a kneeler for the men. Despite the utter simplicity of the arrangements there, and entirely apart from the Sacrament and its administration, there were some tense, dramatic, and sometimes amusing moments during such long evenings in the midst of the silent forest.

The men awaiting their turns sat quietly, tolling their beads, or just thinking,

IN HIS NAME

MRS. OLGA DE KOLY-SCHKINE OF D.P. CAMP AIR PART, MENNINGEN, GERMANY, U.S. ZONE . . . IS blind . . . sick too with arteriosclerosis, begotten by a very bad heart. Her life could be summed up in two words . . . VIA CRUCIS . . . she lost her husband and five children—shot by the Communists . . . and now at the age of sixty-three, she must face the life of a D.P. Perhaps until death. Few countries will accept the likes of her. Nor can she work. She has to exist on the tiny dole, given out to such as she.



Pitifully she writes " . . . my needs are not many . . . oils, like Mazola, coffee, tea, sugar, cereal, dry milk, cocoa, dried egg . . . and the like. I am not even dreaming of chocolate, candies, figs, or raisins, except at Christmas time . . . for so long I have had nothing of the sort . . . it does not matter. But the other things oh! I need them so. Also warm stockings, size 10½ . . . slippers, size 8 . . . a sweater, size 40. I am still a big woman. Nightgowns ditto, for most of my days are spent in bed. IN HIS NAME DEAR FRIENDS . . . WOULD YOU . . . COULD YOU . . . ??"

The good Sisters of the Precious Blood, of Charlotte-town, P.E.I., Canada, are building a new Monastery. Deo gratias, the vocations are increasing. The old building is too small, too dilapidated to be of use even to these penitents of the Lord.

You and I need their prayers . . . our dead do too. Perhaps you could spare a dollar or two . . . or more . . . for the good Sisters . . . who night and day pray in the Great Silence of God.

IN HIS NAME . . . THANK YOU . . .

as they would in the church.

Some years ago the majority of lumberjacks who spent six or eight months in the woods, allowed their beards to grow. And what beauties they sometimes cultivated! In a spirit of comradeship, many, in coming behind the blanket, used to place a big hairy arm around my shoulders and whisper their story, close to my ear, unaware that their beards provided me with a tickling sensation, varied in intensity according to the movement of the jaw in speech.

Solemn Ticklish Moments

I feel sure God has forgiven me for the distractions I had during those solemn moments. You see, I was not at all concerned with the tickling I was receiving, but with WHAT might step off

Visitor Priests Offer Mass in Madonna House

On August 16th two priests from Chicago arrived at Combermere, and on the 17th and 18th each said Mass in the library-dining-room of Madonna House.

The visitors were Fr. John Ireland Gallery, pastor of St. Cecilia's Church, and Fr. Bernard E. Burns of Highland Park, formerly a curate at the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago.

Fr. Gallery, engaged in writing a book on the various recent apparitions of Our Lady, had heard that the Virgin Mother had visited a farm in Canada, and wanted some data from Madonna House. Father Burns, a former army chaplain who rates as an aviator—a sky pilot in more ways than one—volunteered to fly him to Killaloe. However there was too much soup up there, so the two came by train.

Fr. Gallery, who can be forced to admit that he won not only the first world war but also the second, even though he was but a chaplain in the U. S. Navy, brought along his Mass kit. (Incidentally he refers to his brother, the admiral who writes funny pieces for the Saturday Evening Post, as "one of the trade-school boys." The trade school in this instance, is, of course, the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He admits that the admiral helped in the winning of the two wars, but minimizes his efforts.)

Everybody Is Happy

There was more excitement, and more joy, in Madonna House, when we "rigged for church," than there was at any other time since the house was opened in May, 1947.

The room was thoroughly cleaned. The big dining table was shoved against the wall that contains the long shelves of books. It was raised to the proper height by placing books under each of its four legs; then it was cleaned and polished until all its surfaces shone.

A crucifix was taken from one of the upstairs bedrooms, and nailed in place directly above the center of the table. A statue of Our Lady, flanked by two reliquaries, was placed on a shelf above the crucifix, and a bowl of

the beard and take up his abode on me. I must say, however, that in all the years I have been visiting the lumber wilds I never carried away any such company.

The tenseness of such a situation was once, agreeably relieved. I was tired and sleepy and longing for an end (God forgive me!) to the exhausting work, when a bearded giant thrust aside the blanket and flopped down on his knees beside me and grasped my hand:

"How is it going, Bill?" said he, as he grinned at my surprise. The moments that followed that introduction were indeed relaxing, a rebuke to the weakness of my flesh and a renewal of my admiration for the solid Faith of some of the common people. He had to inform me as to his identity—a school chum of High School days.

In whispers we reviewed old times as he sat on the floor at my feet. Then he said, "Let's get down to business, Father, and hear

flowers was set directly in front of the statue.

Nothing that could be done by the regulars and the visiting volunteers in Madonna House to get ready for this stupendous occasion was left undone.

Miss Flewelling and some of the visitors spread the word among the neighbors that Mass would be offered at 8 o'clock on the following morning, and at 8.30. And a number of them were present when the first Mass began.

It was a Missa Recitata, and only the altar boy, Mr. Doherty, seemed to need a missal to make the proper responses.

A Signal Blessing

Four Masses in two days! The people of Madonna House felt the place had been signally blest. God had deigned, four times, to come down from high heaven into the hands of a priest standing at the table—the ordinary table at which we sat for breakfast, dinner and supper—and to renew, in this familiar room, the sacrifice of Calvary.

"I'll never wash that table again," said one of the visiting volunteers. She reminded us of the Irish maid in an old play who said, after the hero had gallantly kissed her hand, "Sure, I'll never wash that hand again."

"Indeed you will," Mrs. Doherty contradicted her. "The Body and Blood of Christ has rested on this table. It must be kept clean, just as you, who have received that Body on your tongue, must keep yourself clean."

The table that was an altar is only a table again. Meals are served on it. Boys and girls sit at it in the evening, humped over books. Cards are played on it. Restoration is edited and dummed on it, and on it the printed copies are addressed and stamped. Sometimes milk or tea or coffee or cigarette ashes are spilled on it—occasionally a bottle of ink is overturned on it. It must be cleaned every day.

It is only a table again, but the people of Madonna House will never forget that, for four Masses, it was an altar.

my confession."

Seventeen Years, Father

As he passed down the hall an incoming penitent stopped him to ask some questions.

A serious accident had taken place in a neighboring camp the day before I arrived. . . . Two young men had been severely crushed at a skidway. This had struck some fear of God into a few, who had been skipping their Easter Duty for several years. One of these I suppose, was the man who questioned my friend.

He probably asked him whether I was cross or not. None too assured by the answer he had received, he barely stuck his head around the blanket and said: "Seventeen years!" Just that and studied my face intently. I tried to take on as nonchalant an expression as I could muster and replied: "Well, what about it?"

A big smile split his beard and he knelt to make his confession.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)
in the lay apostolate across the way?

True, I fully know, our "differences" are small and superficial. Fundamentally we are all united in the Charity of Christ. But . . . outsiders are scandalized . . . and the "little ones of Christ" who come to all of us in turn, in their eternal search for the GRAIL, are often so bewildered and confused, by these our "differences," that they abandon their holy search altogether!

Must we stress our different approaches to the same thing, so much? Must we engage in public controversies about most points, which are not important one way or another? Could we not all get together, the JOC, the Grail, the Catholic Worker, Friendship House, the Campaigners for Christ, the folks from Christ's Center, and the many others, and their "children," all over the U.S.A. and Canada? And can we not, in prayer and the fullness of charity, clarify our goals, aims, and ways, and so come to a common denominator on which we all agree? Can we not leave the little different ways of each, to each, respecting each other's growth, development, history and tradition?

What Price Unity

What price unity, in which there is so much strength? Especially if like our fundamental unity, which seems so little known, it stems from Christ and His teachings?

This seems to be the acceptable time for all of us to get somehow together, and to clarify our stands; erasing such impressions as our actions might have created; and presenting to the world that "united front" of the children of God that makes even its cynical offspring say — LOOK AT THESE CHRISTIANS, HOW THEY LOVE ONE ANOTHER—

And I, as is the custom of my ancestors, bow low before each one and all of you, and ask each one in turn, fellow workers and Lay Apostles of Christ, to forgive me for my share in this unhappy state of affairs. For well I know that I have been one of the first, guilty of harsh criticisms, expressed often publicly and thoughtlessly . . . of lack of Charity . . . quibbling over unimportant points of our differences, scandalizing the younger ones . . . Mea culpa, Mea maxima culpa . . . Forgive me brethren . . . and permit me to amend my ways . . . and to show my repentance by joining you, whenever you wish, to build anew, in unity and charity!

In His Infinite Mercy,
CATHERINE
DE HUECK DOHERTY

YOUNG PRIEST ENRICHES

(Continued from Page One)

given his last pair away the night before, to a beggar.

We found the pants. We found several pairs for him, as the year went on. We also located several narrow mattresses for his cot; for, according to the same housekeeper, he gave his away, now to this poor family in the parish, now to that. We heard that his lay friends were waging a losing battle in the matter of furnishing his home. For no sooner would a bedroom or dining room suite, or even living room furniture arrive than it would find its way into some poor man's house.

We Knew Him

Thus, long before we met the new pastor, our neighbor, we had formed an idea of him. So had many others. And strange as it may seem, the very fact that our city had a man like that made it

a better city, helped all of us to live better lives, and brought us a strange new warmth and light. The poor worshipped him, tales were told about his charity, simplicity, kindness, holiness, but above all about HIS POVERTY.

I met him at a retreat. He was giving it. It was a lengthy one, some four days or so. Around the second or third day, I noticed a tired, white, drawn look in his face. I mentioned it to a nun at the convent. She smiled . . . and told me that he always looked like that during retreats, because he spent his nights BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, prostrated, imploring God for the grace to give a good retreat!

So there he was. A pastor of a slum parish. His church a basement. There was much Communism in his territory. He did not "fight it" in the accepted sense of the word.

He did not ask his parishioners for money. He PRAYED much. He was holy. And lo and behold, the world brought him his needs, and those of his people, and more.

To Love God

The poor loved him with a great love, and by loving him, got to love God through him. His church was always full. The spiritual life of his parish was rich. The Communists vanished,—for what could they do against a man of God . . . WHO WENT ABOUT BEING GOOD AND DOING GOOD?

Then they made him a Bishop. The youngest Bishop in that part of the world, they said. Young maybe . . . but the wisest I know. He is now reaching out, in the same manner, over a greater territory of souls. Wherever he is . . . there men see Christ. And that is all that is required as a priest, dear friend; that is all . . . but how much goes into it!



Must Children Starve?

From St. John Bosco's shrine in Cherrapunjee, Assam, India, comes this pitiful plea to you.

"The situation of rice in Assam compels me to ask your help for my poor orphans, who will starve if I cannot get immediate help. I am fully aware that many calls reach you, yet I am sure your noble heart cannot stop bleeding when you hear them crying for a morsel of food. There are more orphans here than in any other land, and it seems to me, they are in more desperate plight than in any other place.

"I need the immediate help of \$135 to change the situation on behalf of these hungry children. I am appealing to you in the voice of the prophet, 'Lift up thy hands to Him for the lives of the little children who are fainting from hunger.'

"I cling to your arms of mercy and anxiously await your message of consolation

To Our Lady

Oh, I need you at the dawning
When skies of gray grow blue,
And when the sun is sinking
My heart is needing you.

You're the glory of the dawning
That floods the earth with light,
The peace of all the beauty
That shrouds the world at night.

You're the chalice of Love's mercy,
The channel of God's grace,
His precious gift from Calvary
To our poor, fallen race.

You're my strength and consolation
Along temptation's way,
You know how frail the nature
Within this house of clay.

So I need you at the dawning
To worship Him through life.
When eventide is falling and
I weary in the strife.

Then when the Master summons
Thy child to realms above
I'll need your tender guidance
To everlasting Love.

—Sister Marie Alma, S.P.

to wipe away the tears of the orphans."

The plea was signed by the Reverend Peter Tonello, S.D.B., the priest in charge of the shrine.

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These books can be obtained in Canada at the CAMPION BOOK SHOP, 1184 Phillips Place, Montreal, Quebec. — In the U.S.A. direct from the Publishers, Bruce Publishing Co., of Milwaukee, or Shed and Ward, New York.

And the Moral Is . .

A skunk got into St. Joseph's House—our annex, so to speak—a week or so ago; and the visitor who found him there, in the kitchen, of all places, stood appalled and helpless.

The animal was beautiful, the visitor admitted, what with the wide white stripe down its glossy black back and his soft round eyes. It was beautiful, but—

It wasn't surprised to see the visitor. Nor was it surprised to find itself unwelcome. Yet it made no move to go away.

The visitor prepared herself for horrible eventualities. She even thought that if the beast committed any nuisance around the house, especially in the kitchen, we would probably have to burn the place down to make it clean again.

But Blackie was with the visitor. Blackie is a friendly dog; but he had been trained under our old hound, Skipper—and Skipper loved to hunt, and to destroy, all members of the skunk family.

Blackie nosed up to the skunk. He was grinning. His tail was wagging. There was nothing of the hunter in him. He was doing something that never occurred to the visitor. He was being polite. He was being hospitable.

The skunk seemed to like him, and he seemed to like the skunk. Blackie licked the skunk's face. The skunk licked Blackie. Blackie sniffed the skunk's odor. The skunk returned the compliment. Then the two animals went, side by side, through the open door. Pals.

The incident was closed. So, naturally, was the door.

TONY AND MARTIN

(Continued from Page One)

tentment, and appreciated Martin's wisdom, as one by one the boys went to Father, to receive absolution. Without a doubt, among them were some, who, for years, hadn't approached a confessional. I thought of Christ's words, as I offered a prayer in thanksgiving: "There is more joy in Heaven, over one sinner doing penance, than over 99, who need not penance."

We may have celebrated our Palm Sunday two days late, but the tardiness turned out to be worthwhile — thanks to Blessed Martin.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

that glory there! How few times, gazing at the beauty of leaf or bud or shell or stone or insect or animal or planet, do I think of the incomparable beauty of Our Lady!

How can I answer that letter of a friend who so loves God and His Mother—when I feel so like a clod?

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